

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

OLD SERIES. }  
VOL. XXXI. }

DECEMBER, 1879.

{ NEW SERIES.  
{ VOL. VIII. No. 12.



## THE SOLDIER-BOY.

JAMES GOULD thinks that he is a brave soldier. Last year at Christmas his father gave him a drum, his sister Mary a soldier-cap, and his brother Charles a wooden sword. He has played with these nearly every day since they were given him, and often he gets so tired drumming and marching, that he falls asleep before the day is gone.

James's mother is a good woman, and teaches her son a great many good lessons. Sometimes, when he flourishes his sword and talks about going to war, she tells him of some of the horrors of war, and that she hopes that none of the boys who are growing up will have to fight for their country as many of their fathers did. Sometimes she tells them that our worst enemies are selfishness, bad temper, and the many temptations that are around us, and that often it needs a great deal of strength, courage, and watchfulness to conquer these.

We are glad to say that James listens attentively to all that his mother tells him. He is fighting hard against bad habits, bad words, and bad thoughts. When he comes to be a man he will be ready to fight for his country if there is need of it, and always stand up for what is good and true.

For The Dayspring.

## WAKING UP.

How do the birds wake up,  
Wake up at morning gray?  
They flutter and call and sing,  
And bid all the world good-day.

How do the flowers wake up,  
Wake in the morning fair?  
They nod and bow and smile,  
But never a cross look wear.

How do the bees wake up,  
Wake in the early hour?  
With a merry hum they go  
Flitting from flower to flower.

How does old Top-knot wake up,  
Even before the sun?  
Why, he flaps his wings, and crows  
"Good-morning!" to every one.

And how does Brindle wake up,  
Wake up at early morn?  
Oh! she only whisks her tail,  
And looks for her hay and corn.

Then how does Dobbin wake up,  
Out in his quiet stall?  
He pokes his head through his crib,  
With a friendly neigh for all.

And how does Dolly wake up?  
She opens her eyes of blue,  
And never looks sleepy or cross,  
As sweetly she smiles at you.

But how does Polly wake up,  
Annie, and Susie, and Fred?  
Why, oft with a frown on their face,  
They wake in their white little bed.

Why can't they sing like the birds,  
Why can't they smile like the flowers,  
When they wake at early morn,  
These dear little children of ours?

RIPPLE.

A GENTLE person is like a river, flowing calmly along; while a passionate man is like the sea, constantly throwing up mire and dirt.



For The Dayspring.

## DOWNY.

BY TANNIE M. SCANDLIN.

**D**OWNY was his name ; and he lived on a stalk of milk-weed just outside the garden gate. He had two bright little eyes, and six tiny feet, and he used to wiggle and crawl about in a strange manner. One bright morning, Downy awoke earlier than usual, and being hungry began eating the tender leaves of the milk-weed which served for his floor ; for he was not like some little people I know of who have their breakfasts of bread and milk. After he had eaten for a long time, and had grown quite large and strong, he began to be sleepy, — oh, so very sleepy that his eyes kept closing, and he had hard work to keep them open at all ; so he made up his mind to build a little house to live in, that the raindrops and the sunbeams might not harm him, and then to take a good long nap. So he began to make his house, and how do you think he made it ? He did not have a single board or nail or stick to make it of ; but he fastened himself to a leaf of the milk-weed, turned himself upside down, and began to spin a covering for himself out of fine silk. He worked away till he had shut out every ray of light or breath of air, and then he closed the door of his little house, locked it, and went fast asleep.

How long Downy slept he never knew ; but when he awoke and peeped out of his door he saw the leaves on the trees had changed their green garments for dresses of red and gold, and that the crickets and tree-toads were singing merrily, “Autumn has come, autumn has come !”

“Dear me !” thought Downy, “I must

go out and see what all this change means.” So he began slowly to draw himself out of his house. But he felt strangely when he moved, and when he got out into the daylight and looked at his clothes, he found he too had changed ; for, in place of his fuzzy tight coat of a dingy color, he wore a beautiful black suit spotted with red and gold, while on his back were fastened two great, soft, downy wings.

Oh, how happy the little butterfly was, and how he tumbled about at first when the wind touched him, for he had not yet learned to use his new wings with skill ! But soon he grew stronger, and at last was able to fly away into the air and sunshine.

Downy did not know what to make of the change which had come over every thing, but came to the conclusion that the fairies must have been at work during his nap ; and, if he were right, I think they were very kind little fairies, — don’t you ?

Well, for a good many days Downy flew about among the leaves and flowers ; but at last the days began to grow chilly and the nights cold, and Downy saw all his little friends were getting ready to close their houses to go away for the winter. So he asked a bright maple-leaf which he saw fluttering to the earth where she was going ; and the little leaf answered, “Oh, I am going to float on till I find a little blade of grass that is cold and wants to be covered up, and then I will tuck him in with my bright dress, and we will wait for the snow with its warm white coverlid, and then we will go fast asleep. So, good-by, little butterfly.”

“Dear me !” thought Downy, “if the snow is coming, I must go away somewhere, for I have no place to hide during the winter.”

So he saw a flock of birds flying away,

and he said, "Where are you going, robin red-breasts?"

And the birdies answered, "We are going to the warm South; will you come?"

But Downy knew that their wings were so much larger than his that they would fly much faster than he could, so he thanked them for their invitation, but said he thought he would not go; and, lighting on a purple aster, he began to feel quite sad.

But soon a little sunbeam came, and said to him, "Why are you so sober, little butterfly?"

And Downy said, "Because all my friends are flying away for the winter, and I don't know where butterflies go when the snow comes."

"Never mind that," the sunbeam replied; "I will take you to the beautiful sun country where I live, and you can stay with me till summer comes once more."

So, taking hold of hands, they began to float up and up, and away toward the sunset. But at last they became weary and sleepy, and seeing a little breeze, they asked her if she would give them a ride; and she took them gently in her arms, and carried them to one of the bright golden clouds just sinking in the west.

The last I saw of them they were sailing away merrily on the cloud; and I am sure that before this they have reached the sunset land.

If you would relish food, labor for it before you take it; if enjoy clothing, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

"BEAUTIFUL hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest and brave and true  
Moment by moment the long day through."

For The Dayspring.

### SEEING EYES.

EVERY one knows what bright eyes little children have; how they twinkle with fun like little stars, and open wide with wonder at any new sight, until you think they fairly see the inside as well as the outside of things. Sometimes, however, they only look; they do not stop to think about what they are seeing, — whether they can make it of use, or learn any thing about it; how it grew, or how it was made, or where it came from. Now, there once lived a lady in France, who thought all about these things when she saw any thing new or curious, and this habit led her to make a discovery which brought great riches into her country, and gave work to many poor people. The name of this wise little lady was Madame Darnet. She lived in a village in France near Limoges, and her husband was the village surgeon. They were poor, for it was a small village, and their neighbors were not able to pay Monsieur Darnet much for his services; so, while he was out visiting his patients, Madame Darnet was very busy at home, as you can easily imagine. She cooked the food, and swept and dusted the rooms to keep her house clean and neat. After this was done she sewed on her husband's and children's clothes, and hardly had a moment to herself from morning till night. Every week she took the soiled clothes of the family to the village stream to wash them. In France no one has their clothes washed in the house as we do, but the washerwomen carry them to the river, and, standing in the water with bare feet, do their work. One day, as Madame Darnet was busy with her washing, she noticed some clay on the bank of the stream that was white and greasy looking.

She knew she had never seen any clay like it before, and wondered if it could be used like soap. When she had finished her washing, she carried some of this clay home, and showed it to her husband. This was in the year 1768; and at that time a great many people in Europe were trying to find out how the Chinese made porcelain. There was a factory called Sèvres near Paris, where they made porcelain; but it was not hard like the Chinese ware, because they could not get a clay called Kaolin, of which to make it. When a granite rock is ages and ages old it crumbles into clay, and this clay is Kaolin, out of which the most beautiful and hardest porcelain can be made. Now, as soon as Monsieur Darnet saw the clay his wife had brought home, he thought of the search that was being made for this Kaolin, and wondered if this white earth might not be it. He sent it to the chemist at the Sèvres factory, and he at once declared it was the long-sought-for Kaolin. Men were sent in a few weeks to dig this precious earth, and carry it in big casks to the factory. Now they could make as fine and beautiful porcelain as there was in the world. The factory soon had to be made larger, and employed hundreds of people in its work. All this time nobody thought of poor Madame Darnet, whose bright eyes had discovered this treasure. Years afterwards, when she was old and without money, she found herself in Paris, unable to reach her home, which was still in the village near Limoges. She went to the Sèvres factory, and asked for aid. The superintendent heard her story, and told the king, Louis XVIII., about her sad condition. The king at once gave her money for her journey home, and always sent her a certain sum every year while she lived, enough to support her in comfort.

L. B.

For The Dayspring.

## SLUMBER SONG.

SLEEP, dear Eyebright,  
Papa comes to-night, —  
Comes over field and plain,  
Through bitter wind and rain.  
He hears the angry storm,  
But his heart is glad and warm;  
And over and over again,  
He murmurs the sweet refrain:  
Sleep, dear Eyebright,  
Papa comes to-night.

Sleep, dear Eyebright;  
Many a child to-night  
Hears in hunger and pain  
The terrible wind and rain.  
No one kissed them to rest, —  
Poor birdies without any nest;  
No one leaned over them long,  
And hushed them to sleep with a song.  
To them, dear Eyebright,  
No papa comes to-night.

M. F. B.

WESTERLY, R.I.

## GOD IS HERE.

"Ah, Frankie, no one is here but you!" said a mother one day to her little son whom she found playing all alone in the nursery.

Frankie looked up, his face being bright with happiness, and answered, "Yes, mamma; God is here."

At another time, when he was in the garden with his mother, a fierce gust of wind swept suddenly over it. Thinking his mother shared the alarm he felt, he looked up into her face, and said, "God is with us, dear mamma."

That little boy had learned to know that God is everywhere present. He was comforted by this knowledge because he loved and tried to please God.

Little readers, God sees you, and surrounds you at all times and in all places. —  
*Selected.*



### THE SILVER RULE.

You all know the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would wish them to do unto you." Here is a rule which is almost a part of the golden rule, because of its value: call it the "silver rule:" "Think and say all you can of the good qualities of others; forget and keep silent concerning their bad qualities." You cannot conceive how much such a course will increase your own happiness, and raise you in the esteem of your companions. Did you ever think any more of a boy or girl because he or she found fault with others? Never call your school-mates or playmates ugly or cross, to their faces or behind their backs. If they are ugly, or stingy, or cross, it does not make them better for you to talk or think about it; while it makes you love to dwell upon the faults of others, and causes your soul to grow smaller and to become like the foul bird that prefers carrion for food. Rather tell all the good you can, and try to think of some good quality of your mates. — *The Little Star*.

### HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

"How can I be beautiful?" Every boy and girl, man and woman, wants to know that. Here is Mr. Emerson's brief receipt:—

"There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy, and not sin, around us."

Think of the most beautiful people you know. Do you think these people are those who try very hard to make others happy? I know very many beautiful people who would have remained very plain had they thought only to please themselves. — *St. Nicholas*.

### BUSY LITTLE BEAVERS.

In the picture on the next page you see a colony of beavers. Do you know what a wonderful animal the beaver is? If you will look carefully at the large one in the picture you will see that he is covered with fur. He has five toes on each foot. Those on the fore feet are rather short and entirely separate from one another, while those on the hind feet are long and connected by a web, like the toes of a goose. He has a large flat tail, and this is not covered with fur like the rest of his body, but with scales. His fore feet are so formed that he can handle with them, while his hind feet and tail are of such shape that he can swim easily, or sit in the position in which you see him in the picture.

The front teeth of beavers are so sharp and strong that they can gnaw wood and bark with them without difficulty. They have been known to cut down a tree a foot and a half through. They always live in forests on the edge of a stream or some body of water. Here they build little houses or huts of the branches of trees, mud, grass, moss, and other things of the kind. Their houses are very skilfully made. They are warm and dry, and about the size of a small room in one of our houses. Several of them usually stand together, and ten or twelve beavers live in each. These houses are kept very clean, and every summer they are carefully repaired.

Beavers are also very skilful at building dams, and have been known to build one a thousand feet long. They do a great deal of work, and do it without fretting or whining.

HAPPINESS consists not in things, but thoughts.





For The Dayspring.

## ROSALIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.



Franz and Gerda were German children, who had crossed the sea with father and mother, hoping to find better times in the new country, for they were very poor. But only two months passed away before the good, kind father set sail again, on another sea, to the shores of eternity. The poor mother, for her children's sake, struggled bravely with her sorrows. She was a nice seamstress, and after many a disappointment she succeeded in getting work, mostly through the kindness of an old washerwoman who rented a room in the same tenement.

Her work was so nicely done that more was ready for her; and she toiled on with fresh courage, while Franz and Gerda did all they could to help. They aided her in housework and cookery, and sold fruit in the streets. They were honest and industrious, gentle and respectful in their manners, and soon one and another began to notice and remember them. Their small knowledge of our language, while it hindered them in one way, helped them in another. They escaped the street-lessons, which a poor woman has most to fear for her children.

Children, did you ever think, that, to the very poor, every week, every day, brings temptation?

You come from your play to your well-spread tables with a keen relish for your food, and an apple or pear seldom comes amiss at any time of day. But can you fancy feeling faint and sick with hunger, and seeing all about you delicious food that is not yours, that you must not even touch?

Pity and help the children who do know what this is.

You go out for a while on a winter's day, wrapped in your warm clothing, and know that when you return from your walk, or merry sleigh-ride, or run in from your coasting and snowballing, a bright fire and bountiful supper await you.

Very different is the lot of the children who, half-clad and shivering, sell matches or fruit in the streets, and creep back at night to fireless rooms and straw beds.

Do you wonder, if they see a chance to snatch a little that they think the comfortable and happy people around them will never miss,—do you wonder the tiny hands learn to steal? Judge them not harshly. Do not say *you* never would do so, for you have not been tried.

Franz and Gerda, indeed, did not reach such bitter straits as many do. Their mother was still with them, and they were healthy children, able to do their part to keep the wolf from the door. But it was a hard struggle.

Franz never found a rich man's pocket-book containing hundreds of dollars, but every-day tests of honesty and honor were not wanting. He had chances enough to hide the bruised side of a peach; to slip in a poor orange or two when counting a dozen; to fill a measure of cherries with nice ones on top, and green or over-ripe mixed into the middle; to return a little less than the right change to a purchaser hurrying to the cars, or a child unused to reckoning. But against all "tricks of trade" he and his brave little sister steadily set their faces. They were careful to buy only ripe, fresh fruit, and no more than they would be likely to sell; and with these two aids, honesty and prudence, their business prospered.

The short, wintry twilight was fading,



when Gerda, with a bright face and brisk step, came to her brother's side, and showed him her empty basket, and the worn old pocket-book in which she kept her treasure.

"Sold all?" said he; "so have I. Mother will be glad to-night." Franz picked up his basket, and took his sister's hand. "People bought more to-day than most days: maybe because Christmas is coming."

"It's Christmas Eve now, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you think" — the child drew nearer to her brother, and lowered her voice — "do you think the Christ-child will bring us anything?"

"I don't know," the boy answered, thoughtfully; "he used to come at home, — in the dear fatherland, Gerda, you know."

"Yes, I remember," she said, a sudden glow in her face, and her voice quick and eager. "Father always came home early, and the curtains were down, and the lamp lighted, and we had supper. We always had soup, Christmas Eve, nice hot soup, — and, oh, the Christmas-cake! Franz, don't you remember, all full of plums? We won't have one this year, will we?"

"No," said Franz; "mother made that, you know. It wasn't on the tree. She couldn't pay for the things to make it now. Gerda! I'm thinking that maybe we can get a tree, — a little bit of a tree, — if the Christ-child would bring any thing for it. But I don't know, Gerda, — maybe he doesn't come in our street."

Gerda's face was a picture, in its changing doubt and hope. Presently she said, in an eager, excited way, clasping her hands tightly together on her brother's arm, "Let's get it, Franz, if we can. It won't do any harm to have it, and *maybe* he

will come. But how could you get it, Franz?"

"You see that stone church?"

"Yes."

"They were trimming it when I passed this morning, and there were ever so many little boughs and twigs that they didn't seem to want or count any thing. You can see now there's quite a pile outside the door. Now, if anybody is there, I'm going to ask for just one of those; and they won't refuse us that, on Christmas Eve, I'm sure."

Gerda's face brightened.

"And then, Gerda, we'll put it in the window."

"But we didn't use to have the tree in the window," said the little girl.

"I know; but don't you see? If it stands in the window, and the Christ-child comes into our street at all, — it will be moonlight, you know; the moon is just coming up now, over that roof, — he will be sure to see it; and I think he will put something on it, — something for mother, any way."

"O Franz!" and Gerda's tone was low and very earnest, "if we could see him! Maybe we can catch the gleam of his wings. Would he — *do* you think he would — stop a minute?"

"I don't know, Gerda dear, but here's the church, and it's open; there are people busy in there yet."

The church was but partly lighted, and the two children stood a few moments in the vestibule, looking in with silent admiration and delight, till a young man, who was lighting the lamps, came near the door.

"Yes," he answered, readily, to the boy's modest request; "take all the stuff that's there, if you can use it. We want to get it out of the way."

Gerda's eyes sparkled. "We'll choose the prettiest for a tree, Franz," she said, as she helped gather them up, "and won't mother be glad of the rest for firewood!" And she danced along the sidewalk, to the music of a German tune she was humming.

You know that now, in the "good time" that has come, every child who goes to Sunday school has a place in the church on Christmas Eve, and a share in the wonderful Christmas-tree; but my story is of years ago. Then, but very few churches were lighted or decorated for Christmas, and the children who had friends able and glad to give them presents used to, almost without exception, hang up their stockings. The Christmas-tree is purely a German custom.

In Rosalie Lincoln's home a merry company were gathered around the Christmas-tree. She was the youngest of a large family, and her married sisters, with their husbands and children, had come home for the holidays. Then, besides her father and mother, there were grandpa and grandma, Aunt Carrie and Uncle Frank; and the tree held gifts for all.

Rosalie's stockings had been filled every year since she could remember, but this was the first Christmas-tree she had seen.

Rosalie was very happy; her presents were just what she wanted, — a wax doll, a china tea-set, some beautiful books, and a box of bon-bons. It was such a delight too to have all her dearest friends about her. She looked very pretty in her new blue cashmere with white overdress, a holly-wreath twined among her dark curls, her eyes shining and cheeks glowing with pleasure and kind feeling. Still, every little while, her face wore a thoughtful expression.

Can you guess her thoughts? They went out toward the poor and lowly children, who had no such festival in their cold and desolate dwellings, no such joyous family reunion, such kindness and love as so richly blessed her this night, — and to one little girl in particular, who had brought home her pretty white overdress the evening before. This was Gerda; and her mother's careful fingers had made and trimmed the delicate, dainty thing. Gerda did not always carry home the work, for her mother often wanted the walk as a relief from sewing; and the little girl sold her fruit till late in the afternoon. But it sometimes happened that Gerda or Franz did this and other errands.

Mrs. Lincoln was busy in her Christmas preparations, when Gerda brought the dress; and, as she was careful never to let poor people wait for their pay, or oblige them to call again, she sent Rosalie downstairs with the money. Something in the little German girl's face and manner attracted Rosalie and awakened her interest; it might be the wistful, longing look in her great, dark eyes, though her smile was bright and her voice cheerful. Any way, it came into Rosalie's mind again and again; and she dreamed that night that she was filling Gerda's stocking, or rather trying to fill it, but there was a hole in the toe and another in the heel, and as fast as she put in the things they slipped out on the floor, after the manner of Peter Mit's stocking, that she had read about the week before, and that mixed itself up in her dreams with little Gerda's stockings. And when Rosalie woke, she began to wonder whether Gerda wore stockings, — she had not noticed, — and whether, if she had any, there were holes in them, and if it wouldn't be a good plan to give Gerda some of her own. She would ask mother, she thought;



she was sure she would say yes. Then she wondered if Gerda would have any Christmas presents; she didn't believe she would; nobody that was going to have Christmas presents would have that hungry look in their eyes. And all day the thought kept coming into her mind, now and then, and the wonder grew, though she had a great deal to think about, with her company, and the gifts she was expecting, and the music and the supper and the dance they were to have as soon as Christmas Eve had really come. And so it came about that she was not quite satisfied, though she had every thing she expected, — even more than she would have asked. So it came about that she glided to her mother's side when the singing was over, and said something to her in a low voice; and that her mother looked surprised at first, and thought a moment, and then said, "Yes, dear, you may." And that Rosalie ran out of the room, and stayed out fifteen minutes, and came back looking happier than ever; and that Uncle Frank, afterwards, was absent a longer time.

Franz and Gerda placed their tiny tree in the moon-lighted window, and were soon fast asleep, though they had fully meant to keep awake and watch for the Christ-child's coming. But their tired feet had taken far too many steps that day, they had worked too hard, for even this excitement to hold their eyes open. And the mother sat by, trying vainly to think of some little gift she might afford them. She dreaded their bitter disappointment when the Christmas light should show them only their little tree with still empty boughs. Over and over again she counted the contents of her scanty purse. Food and fuel they *must* have. Had they been little children of three or four years old, a soap-bubble pipe,

a stick of candy, a tin horse, or sugar pussy, would have been rich treasure in their eyes; but such as these would not, of course, answer, and what *could* she get, or even do, for them? She could not keep back her tears as she thought of her faithful, affectionate children, trying by every means in their power to help and cheer her, always contented with their poor fare and hard work, but so longing for a share in the Christmas joy of gifts and surprises. Gerda's evening prayer re-echoed in her thoughts. "Our Father in heaven, forgive us all the wrong we have done this day. Bless us and keep us this night. And please, dear Father, may the Christ-child come!"

She was sorely puzzled. Her child's prayer, offered in such hearty faith, how could it remain unanswered? Did not Christ say, "*All things, ye ask, believing, ye shall receive*"? And yet how impossible it seemed!

A knock at her door aroused her from her perplexed and saddened thoughts. She opened it, and, to her surprise, a gentleman stood there, with a large basket on his arm.

"Does Mrs. Hermon live here?" he asked, in a respectful tone.

"That is my name, sir," she answered.

"And you are Gerda Hermon's mother?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you oblige me by accepting a Christmas token from my little niece, Rosalie Lincoln? She sent this basket. It contains some things she thought would be of use to the children. You sew for Mrs. Lincoln, I believe? I wish you a merry Christmas. Good-night." And, without giving her time to thank him, he was off.

With a full heart she knelt by the side of her sleeping children, and returned truly

humble and hearty thanks. Her little Gerda's faith was not in vain. This was the answer to her prayer. And the tall man, in overcoat and cap and muffler, the merry-hearted child by whose request and generous thought he came, were as really angels of God's sending as if some white-clad visitant from the skies had floated down on shining wings to their poor attic.

She opened the basket, and took out, one thing after another, just what they needed, just what would please the children, and tied them on the little tree. There were articles of clothing, partly worn, but, oh! how useful still; shoes and stockings, a merino dress, and warm flannels. There were story-books, — which had been read again and again, but new to these children, — a box of candies, and a round, frosted plum-cake.

"Mother, mother," shouted Gerda, the moment her eyes opened on Christmas morning, "the Christ-child *has* been here! I thought he would come when I asked him. Franz, look, look!"

The two children were wild with delight in their new treasures. Could Rosalie Lincoln have seen them, she would have counted this the best of all the Christmas joy. She could not know *how much* happiness she had given; but she knew enough to make the day doubly bright and beautiful to her, and plant a happy recollection for all her after-life.

She resolved that never again would she let the day of God's greatest gift to man pass without some special effort on her part to make some of His poor ones happy; and this resolution she faithfully kept, as the years brought its welcome return.

If I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well-being of the church and state. — *Bacon.*

## Puzzles.

### EASY ENIGMA.

I am composed of nine letters.

My 2, 8, 6, is a covering for the head.

My 7, 4, 5, 9, is the title of a young lady.

My 6, 8, 3, is a sailor.

My 1, 8, 6, is a domestic animal.

My whole is warmly welcomed by children.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A Roman proconsul in the days of Paul.
2. A mountain range in Palestine.
3. A tree often mentioned in the Bible.
4. The wife of Isaac.
5. A division of time.
6. A town in the south of Judah.
7. The father of Methuselah.
8. A vegetable in common use.
9. A lyric poem.
10. One of the chief cities of the Philistines.
11. Games for which Greece was once celebrated.
12. An eastern fruit.

The initials form part of the song of the Angelic host on the first Christmas morn. The finals also form part of the same song.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA NO. 1.

Love one another.

ENIGMA NO. 2.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

### BOUND VOLUMES.

THE DAYSPRING for 1879 can be had in a neatly bound volume at the office of publication, 7 Tremont Place, Boston. Price, *seventy-five cents*; to subscribers, *fifty cents* at the office, or *sixty cents* when the book is to be sent by mail.

## THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

*Unitarian Sunday-School Society,*

7 TREMONT PLACE . . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS. — Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.  
Four copies to one address . \$1.00.

Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.

*Entered as Second-class Mail Matter.*

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.





